

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"What is it?" he demanded; his tone was not loud, but his eyes seemed standing out as with suppressed rage—"What is it you two are together for? What can you do? You have nothing!—money, influence, nothing!"

"No, 'Manuel,' said Birley; 'you've grabbed them all.'"

"Is it," said he, glaring at me, "that you—you a beggarly curate!—want, expect to marry an heiress, the heiress of an old family? I have said before that she is not an heiress—that she has no money, and that she is not for you, sir!"

"I have reason," I said, "to believe that Herr Steinhardt does not always speak the truth."

"Pou! You are insolent as well! An insolent beggar is not to be borne! And so you have got, too, this reckless old man to abet you in your tricks and schemes! What for is it," he demanded of Birley, "that you have set yourself to go against me in this?"

"Partly, 'Manuel,' answered Birley, 'because I have gradually got convinced you are the biggest villain unhung, and partly because I like this lad Unwin. As for tricks and schemes—'

"Piff! You are foolish as well as reckless."

"I say, as for tricks and schemes I may have an account to settle with you of that sort, before I have done, but not tonight."

"Not tonight! After tonight you will be more completely nothing than you have been yet! I will destroy you both! You shall be beggars both, without hope, without reputation!"

"These are brave words, 'Manuel,' and I know you will carry them out, if you can; I know you can make me a beggar, but I think Unwin is pretty fit to give an account of himself yet, and of you, too, 'Manuel,' if it comes to that. But, see, you'd better go home, for it's Sunday morning, and you're frightening the poor girl there."

This careless dismissal must have been especially exasperating to a man like Steinhardt. He was almost beside himself, yet he still held his fury down.

"You are beggars, sneaks and cowards both!" he exclaimed.

"Nay, but," said Birley, now roused, and approaching to urge the necessity of a speedy departure, "if we begin calling names we may have the better of it, but not tonight. Come, 'Manuel,' you must go!"

He was reluctantly withdrawing, when he and we also were startled by Louise exclaiming with outstretched hands—

"Where is my father, you wicked man? What have you done with him? Where have you put him?"

He paused a moment to set his face, and then turned again to look at her.

"The girl is gone mad!" he said.

"Does she think I am her father's keeper? Where have I put him! Have I got him in my pocket or my hand?"

The knowledge of this, it may be guessed, did not make me feel any the less bitterly toward Steinhardt.

CHAPTER XIV.

On Monday morning the whole neighborhood was alive with the news that Mr. Birley was "to be sold up." An execution had been put into his house under a bill of sale, and an agent or auctioneer person (acting of course by instruction) had stuck notices announcing a sale of "furniture and effects" on boards in the front-garden. Steinhardt knew there would be no redemption of the bill, but in his haste to be as peremptory with his old friend as possible he had overlooked the fact that by an act which had come in force in the beginning of that year, he was bound to give Birley five days' opportunity to pay off the bill. Birley, therefore, plucked up the notice boards and threw them into the lane, and then went and talked to the man in possession.

But that afternoon I had business of my own on hand. I had determined to settle to my own satisfaction the exact spot indicated by Fraulein Haas's vision as that where Lacroix's remains were interred. I mentioned the ruined mill in the beginning of this story, which occupied part of a dreadfully littered little peninsula formed by a curve of the stream. More than one of its walls had fallen, but I had particularly noticed frequently in passing, and had wondered at one wall which lay as flat as the walls of Jericho; it seemed from the public side of the stream to cohere as completely as when it had been standing, except at its outer edges where the bricks were broken and dislocated. This I suspected was the wall; and I was resolved to visit it to see whether I could make sure my suspicion was correct.

To get to the mill I had to pass round to the head of the peninsula (I wondered whether Steinhardt had taken that route on his journey with his horrible burden, or whether he had boldly forded the stream opposite one of the side gates to the grounds of his works). This led me between two old rattling mills of some sort, past piles of lumber, broken wagons and fragments of old machinery like Hamlet away—past some flourishing pigsties, constructed of old boards and old sacks. I had to pick my way very carefully, for it was beset with gullies and holes worn out by rain torrents, and with entrenchments of cinders and "clinkers." At length I came out upon the open space round the mill. I approached the wall with a shuddering but fascinated sense, in the middle of it, toward the edge which had been the top, was a bolted iron plate, answering exactly to the requirements of Fraulein Haas's vision.

My eye was at once attracted to a part of the wall, near its base, which

was altogether unlike the rest. Most of the wall was as bare of anything like vegetation as a mill-wall commonly is, but this part was covered with a fine yellowish-green fungus on the bricks, and grass in the mortar of the interstices. This, I was satisfied, was the spot. Under these bricks, I said, for eighteen months, the mutilated remains of the unfortunate Lacroix, probably at no great depth; hence the eagerness of Steinhardt to cover them with so widespread a tomb-slab as this fallen wall, and hence, also, probably, this traitorous growth of green. As I looked, I wondered how much Steinhardt would give now to be able to move his Titanic tombstone and remove his dead! The wall was too secure a covering! It was the grand mistake of a strong, resolute and original criminal!—the enormous blunder of the bold, uncompromising villain, entirely confident in his security against every risk of discovery!

I directly withdrew to consider my course of action. I began to find that I was in an awkward dilemma. My promise to Fraulein Haas forbade a public examination of that spot, yet how could my promise to Louise, that her father's remains should be properly interred—how could that be fulfilled without the discovery becoming public? There was another point which gave me pause—suppose this rude grave broken into, and its contents identified as the remains of Mr. Lacroix, how could I show that Steinhardt had buried them? How, then, could I bring the crime home so as to move him as I desired?

I resolved to go to Freeman, and talk the difficulty over with him. I had seen little of my friend since his return from London; he had been much from home on some business of his denomination. He did not even know yet of the successful result of my inquiry upon old Jacques.

I found him in his study, in which he was always most at ease. In accordance with his request I "posted" him "up to date" in my doings and discoveries—from the finding of the French papers in Jacques' cottage, through the revelations at Basel, to the discovery I had made a few minutes before. He was most interested by my account of the visions of Fraulein Haas. He was something of a mystic, of the pseudo-scientific kind well known in these latter days, and he would turn his attention to no other point till he had found an explanation of the Fraulein's experiences.

His explanation at least satisfied himself, and it certainly was very plausible. He described the phenomena as "magnetic clairvoyance." Here, said he, were two people who had at one time been deeply interested in each other, one of whom (the more sympathetic subject) still thought much of the other; the one was highly nervous, the other was strong-willed. The strong-willed person was in an extraordinary difficulty, in which he had to put a resolute strain upon all his resources of mind and body and memory. In his casting about in his excited mood for aid to remove his difficulty, he might well have thought, "If she were here!—she who has been of all beings the most devoted to me! Or, if I were only with her, rid of this horrible business!" This strong wishing, this "reaching out of spirit" for her, would sink to a mere nothing when the difficulty of the time was over, settled, and the bond of attraction would sink loose and lifeless, till it was drawn tense again, and thrilled again with vigor when his need of her returned upon him with a new difficulty. This would account for Fraulein Haas's feeling of being drawn as it were from herself at those times when she had her visions.

This explanation made, he was ready to turn with me to more pressing points. He could not see, however, any more than I could, that I was at present likely to effect anything with Steinhardt by private threats of the disclosure of my knowledge, by anything, indeed, but a public investigation—and even that might do little more than create a public scandal.

"You see," said Freeman, "you have absolutely nothing yet of a reliable kind that can point even circumstantially to Steinhardt as the murderer."

I could not but agree with him, and assent to his advice to "wait." In the meantime Steinhardt must be permitted to pursue his vindictive conduct toward our dear old friend Birley, and his chances of causing further annoyance to the worthy Miss Lacroix. Her helplessness in the matter chafed severely both Freeman and myself.

"Is there no way at all," I exclaimed, "but the way of evidence to bring the crime home to him?—to really satisfy ourselves that the crime is his, and to make him feel that we know it is?"

"Have you any objection," said he, rising as if anticipating I would have none, "to take my wife into counsel? She sometimes has a clear idea in her head."

I said I certainly would like Mrs. Freeman to consult with me, and in a few moments she was sitting opposite me. I told her the whole matter, and pointed out the difficulty of the situation.

"So," said she, "you want to get at some way of bringing it home to him, as you say? If now, you could find out something like Hamlet's play to catch the King?"

"Ah, yes, Hamlet!" we both exclaimed.

This was our first formative hint, and I need not describe in detail how from that, through aimless-seeming discussion, and wild suggestion of one sort and another, a plan was at length developed. I shall but state the result.

Friday and Saturday of that very week were the days of what are known as Timperley Wakes. They had in the past, I understood, been celebrated with wild orgies of drinking, "mumming," and dancing round and through bonfires. But this "pass-

ing through the fire to Moloch" was no longer a pastime of the people; it had become the dull daily occupation of their lives. The only orgies now known were drinking and fighting, and spending small sums at the booths of the fair. The church had for some years exerted itself to provide other recreation for some at least of the people. In accordance with this usage there was advertised for Friday evening a mild tea entertainment, to be followed by "Grand Dissolving Views," which last Freeman had learned would be shown by a fine new magic lantern Steinhardt had just presented to the Sunday-school. Steinhardt was going to honor the affair with his presence. Our plan then was this: I would contrive through the new curate (whose acquaintance I had already made) to get a sight of the magic lantern and judge of the size of its slides; I would straightway go into the town and buy a certain number of blank slides of that size. On these Mrs. Freeman, who had a knack of such things, would paint the chief scenes of our tragedy. I must then prevail upon the curate, or upon whatever person I could learn was to have the management of the lantern, to introduce them in order at the end of the exhibition.

To carry out our plan with success demanded dispatch. I discovered that very evening, by going casually into my landlady's kitchen, that her husband was going to have charge of the magic lantern. He was at that moment busily making acquaintance with it. The rest of my task was therefore easy.

(To be continued)

THERE WAS A MISTAKE.

Why the Colonel Stopped His Score of Chinamen at Five.

"I had read," said the colonel, as he was relating some of his experiences in China, "that if a person fell into the water no one could pull him out, holding that his falling in was a decree of Providence that must not be interfered with."

"One day, on one of the canals, I stumbled and went overboard, and although there were twelve boatmen, none of them would extend me a hand. After a close shave, as I cannot swim, I got aboard again, and as soon as I recovered my breath I yelled at the boss boatman:

"You infernal scoundrel, why didn't you help me out?"

"We was your fate to fall in," he calmly replied.

"And it's your fate to take a good licking!" I said as I went for him.

"When I had finished him off I took another, and I was just polishing off my fifth victim when the sixth man halted me and said:

"The seem to be a mistake here. We are taught that if a person falls into the water he must save himself, or drown, but we are not taught that if he does save himself he is at liberty to lick half of China in revenge."

"I thought his point well taken," laughed the colonel, and I stopped my score at five and went down to change into dry clothes."

Cigar Brands.

There are between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 brands of cigars sold in this country, and your average smoker thinks that every brand means a different kind of tobacco. As a matter of fact, 150 is an outside estimate of the different kinds of tobacco that can be procured from all sources, and even experts can't tell some of these apart.

Expert Pulse Reader.

"I suppose," said the physician, smiling, and trying to look witty while feeling the pulse of a lady patient—"I suppose you consider me an old humbug?"

"Why, doctor," replied the lady, "I had no idea you could ascertain a woman's thoughts by merely feeling her pulse."—Tid Bits.

A Familiar Response.

Cholly—I called on that pretty Miss Pompadour, who clerks at the ribbon counter at Sellall & Whoooper's department store, last night.

George—Have a nice call?

Cholly—No; she sent down word that she was sorry, but she was "just out!"—Puck.

When He Decided.

Edith—You know that new horse papa named after me? Well, he's proved to be quite worthless and papa is going to shoot him.

Ferdie—Indeed! But I didn't know he named him after me.

Edith—Well, he didn't till he decided to shoot him.—Puck.

Pleasant for the Ciller.

"Mamma is dressing."

"Why, she needn't have dressed just for me, dear."

"She knows that; but she said the more time she killed in dressing the less time you'd have to bore her."—Indianapolis News.

Looking Ahead.

"But," she said, "we are little more than strangers as yet, you know."

"Yes," he answered, "but don't let that interfere. We can break off the engagement after we get better acquainted, if necessary."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Of Course It Was.

Yeast—I was in a book store this morning, and saw a copy of a book called "A Girl's Birthday," just published.

Crimsonbeak—I suppose it was marked down?—Yonkers Statesman.

Cinematograph for the Blind.

A cinematograph for the blind has been invented by Dr. Dussand, a French physician. The successive stages of the picture are embossed on sheets of tin and made to revolve rapidly between the fingers of the blind person.

Trusts of Marble Men.

The Carrara marble exporters have formed a trust which will affect the price of the more than three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of monument marble the United States buys at that Italian town.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

For Parlor Entertainment.

Let a candle burn until it has a good, long snuff, then blow it out with a sudden puff. A bright wreath of white smoke will curl up from the hot wick; now, if a flame be applied to this smoke, even at a distance of two or three inches from the candle, the flame will run down the smoke and rekindle the wick in a very fantastic manner. To perform this experiment nicely there must be no draught or "banging" doors while the mystic spell is rising.



Fig. 1.

CANDLE IS MYSTERIOUSLY LIGHTED.

Very few people are aware of the height of the crown of a stovepipe hat. A good deal of fun may be created by testing it in this way: Ask a person to point out on a wall with a cane about what he supposes to be the height of an ordinary hat, and he will place the cane usually at about a foot from the ground. You then place a hat under it, and to his surprise he finds that the space indicated is more than double the height of the hat.

Take a pint of water and dissolve in

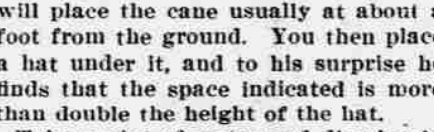


Fig. 2.

HAT MEASUREMENT.

it as much common salt as it will take up; with this brine half fill a tall glass; then fill up the remaining space with plain water, pouring it in very carefully down the side of the glass or into a spoon, to break its fall. The pure water will then float upon the brine, and, in appearance, the two liquids will seem but as one. Now take another glass and fill it with common water. If an egg be put into this it will instantly sink to the bottom, see figure 4; but if, on the contrary, the egg is put into the glass containing the

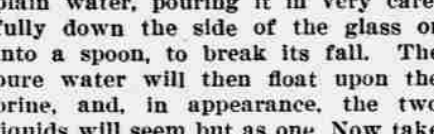


Fig. 3.

brine, it will sink through the plain water only, and float upon that portion which is saturated with salt, appearing to be suspended in a very remarkable and curious manner; see figure 3.

This trick has caused much astonishment when publicly exhibited, although its principle could be explained by every housewife who, before "pickling," tries the strength of the brine by observing if an egg will float on it.

For the Boys.

Boys, I saw a good story the other day of a boy who did not think enough. A shabbily dressed young man went to the manager of a large store to see if he could get a situation. The manager asked him what he could do, and he replied: "Most anything." "Can you dust?" "Yes, indeed." "Then why don't you begin on your hat?" The young man hadn't thought of that. "Can you clean leather goods?" "Oh, yes." "Then it's carelessness on your part that your shoes are not clean." The young man hadn't thought of that. "Can you scrub?" "Yes, indeed," was the reply. "Then I can give you something to do. Go out and try your strength on that collar you have on. But don't come back."

So you see a great deal in this world depends on what we do, and not on what we can do. If this boy had have "only paid a little more attention to his personal appearance in all probability he would have secured a good situation. No matter how poor his hat and shoes may have been, they could have been dusted and cleaned. A boy that is so careless as to go shabby from dirt, would be careless with any work intrusted to him, and it is not

surprising for one to suppose such a fellow would be a shabby worker. So you see it is very necessary to think of such things and show by your appearance what you really do, and not boast of what you can do.

Travels of an Iceberg.

From the regions around the north and south poles there are perpetually starting on journeys, which may be long or short, according to the currents of the ocean, a great number of icebergs. Many of these ice hills are of large size, and wander far before they are at last melted by the heat of the tropical seas, into which they have been carried. Berge setting out from Baffin's Bay, up Greenland way, have traveled as far as the Azores before vanishing forever—that is to say, some 2,500 miles, or even more. Sometimes they are a source of serious danger to the greyhounds of the Atlantic and other vessels, because they cross the track of many of these steamers. It is no joke to run into a berg at dead of night, and close watch has constantly to be kept at certain seasons. Berge setting out from near the south pole have occasionally reached close to the Cape of Good Hope ere disappearing, a journey almost as long as that undertaken by some of their northern relatives.

What's Your Name?

When a boy, the great French author Alphonse Daudet was very poor, but he was allowed to attend, without paying any fees, a school in which the majority of the pupils were the sons of rich men. His appearance at the school, dressed in a blouse, which only the very poor wore, was the occasion of many taunts and jeers from his school fellows, and even the master never called him by his name, but addressed him as "What's your name," says the American Boy. But the boy never heeded the ill will nor the sneers; he determined that he would make something of himself, saying, "If I am to take any position in this school I must work twice as hard as the others." By steadfast persistency and courageous determination, he did succeed, and when his name had become famous he wrote a story in memory of those days of hardship and poverty, and called it "Little What's-His-Name."

STRANGE PHOTO OF CHRIST.

Picture of Holy Shroud Said to Reveal a Mysterious Face.

The sensational story that portraits of the dead body of Christ have been obtained at Turin by photographing the holy shroud preserved in the cathedral there has been revived by the Figaro and is causing a huge stir. The famous relic, which belongs to the royal house of Savoy and is recognized as authentic, shows numerous blood stains, which are faint ordinarily, but it is alleged that they turn a vivid scarlet on Holy Friday.

Nearly two years ago a Turin photographer asserted that negatives of the shroud revealed a perfect resemblance to Jesus. The plates were examined by church authorities, who found that they bore evidence of clever retouching and therefore a sensation was nipped in the bud. Now the photos are exhibited in the lobby of the Figaro's building and thousands are thronging to the place every day to see them.

A good idea of what they look like may be had from any of the later and bearded portraits of Alphonse Daudet. The forehead is terribly lacerated and the hands are crossed over the body. The nails do not appear to have been driven through the palms of the hands, as it is generally believed they were, but through the wrists.

Concurrently with the exhibiting of the photographs two eminent physicians, Drs. Delage and Vignon, have communicated to the Academy of Science theories explaining the miracle, basing their argument on M. Gautier's discovery that the body of a dying man emits an alkaline perspiration, and M. Colson's previous discovery that certain chemicals could impress sensitized plates in absolute darkness or leave traces invisible to the human eye, but capable of being photographed, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Delage and Vignon believe Christ's dying torture emitted a perspiration which enabled the shroud to preserve an invisible likeness, which now for the first time has been revealed by the photo negative.

Some prominent scientists ridicule the ingenious theories. M. Berthelot, for instance, said:

"First, the negatives, it has been proved, were doctored. Second, after nineteen centuries such chemical forces would have long evaporated. Third, it is impossible to wrap a shroud in such a manner as to obtain the continuous perfect imprints shown in those pictures."

The Real Andrew Carnegie.

Writing in Leslie's Weekly Harry Beardsley describes Andrew Carnegie as "a little smiling, white-haired man, unaffected in manner, with nothing whatever imposing in his bearing, without what is commonly called a 'presence,' or, in expressive slang, a 'front'—a man so diminutive that he is conspicuous in contrast with other men and women surrounding him. He seems so small, so gentle and modest that you look in vain in his conduct at that time for some of the forceful personal traits which he possesses—traits which he has exercised to thrust himself ahead of those who were in the race with him."

Largest Dome in the World.

The largest dome in the world is that of the Lutheran Church at Warsaw. Its interior diameter is 200 feet. That of the British Museum Library is 130 feet.

Man's inhumanity to man has made thousands of lawyers wealthy.

FARM AND GARDEN

Treating Rot in Peaches.

The brown rot of peaches is generally familiar to growers of this fruit, but many are careless in ridding their orchards of the pest, probably because they do not appreciate the damage the fungous growth does. The illustration fairly shows how the mummified peaches look when attacked with this disease. Not only is the fruit attacked by this disease, but the twigs are also affected, and the growth is much more formidable during a damp growing season than a dry one.

It seems unnecessary to say that much of the trouble from this difficulty could be avoided; that is, the disease might be checked, if these mummified specimens were picked from the trees before the buds appear in the spring.

As with most fungous diseases of fruit trees, this brown rot may be largely overcome by spraying. It would occupy too much space to go into the de-

tails of this disease here and tell how to combat it, hence the reader, if a peach-grower, wherever located, is advised to send a request to the director of the Georgia Experiment Station, located at Experiment Station Postoffice, Ga. If not a resident of Georgia, send a 2-cent stamp for the bulletin and ask for Bulletin No. 50.

Repeated Trials of Crops.

Every farmer who has tried the plan knows that he frequently fails to get a satisfactory crop of some grain or vegetable, and does not always succeed in getting a stand of the crops sown for stock. This is often the case with crimson clover, and sometimes with the cow peas and with alfalfa.

Several recent communications from correspondents who have adopted the suggestion offered in this column regarding alfalfa state that they tried the plan, but did not get a satisfactory stand, and hence would give it up. This is wrong, as the writer can testify, for on several occasions he has failed to get a satisfactory stand without any apparent cause for the failure except in one instance, when the seed was poor.

On the other hand, other sowings have brought good stands, and additional trials on the same land where previous failures had been made resulted in success. If tests on small plots show that certain crops can be grown on the farm, one ought not to be discouraged at a single failure, especially with such a crop as alfalfa, which promises so much to the American farmer.

Milking in Australia.

In Australia they have a novel way of milking in some of the large dairies, which precludes the access of dirt and filth to the milk pail while milking. It is a milking glove or tube. The valve is over the teat and is connected with a long narrow tube which leads to a covered pail. The orifice in the lid of the pail are just large enough to admit the tubes into the pail and are not attached to them. The plan seems to be the most feasible of any of the devices for the purpose of excluding foreign substances from the milk pail. It is very important that all deleterious substances be kept from the milk pail in any way that can be employed consistent with economy.

To Destroy Potato Bugs.

Hand-picking of potato bugs is a slow process, and if the spot is a large one many of the plants will be injured by the beetles before the work is finished. On the appearance of the pests go over the plot and spray with paris green, which destroys them quicker than by any other method. Delay in so doing, even for a day, may result in the vines being so seriously injured as to render it impossible for them to recover their vitality, the yield of the crop being consequently reduced to a certain extent.

Economy on the Farm.

Economy on the farm is only possible when all work together in harmony. This refers not only to the outside department, but also to the harmonious working of the household with this department. It is possible for the housewife to practice little economies which in turn more than leak away in the extravagances on the farm. While

It is a good plan to practice economy, yet health should never be sacrificed for the dollars, neither should the education of children be neglected for the mere purpose of laying up a bank account. It is never a good plan to plant more than can be properly cared for, as there is sure to be some waste from this practice. Where it is possible it is recommended that the money-borrowing practice should be indulged in to a very slight extent, as it generally results in extravagance in the end.

Treatment of Meadows.

If the portion of the farm that is in meadow is inclined to be wet and cold the chances are it is also more or less acid, hence will be much benefited by a top dressing of lime, and this dressing should be in liberal quantities, a ton per acre not being too much.

Where some reseedling is necessary, and this point should be looked after carefully, the application of the lime should be made after the seed is sown. This reseedling will be found beneficial on ten meadows out of fifteen, and if it is done now the meadow will be good for several seasons without more seeding, under normal conditions of weather.

Timothy, clover and red top makes a good mixture for reseedling, and may be applied in quantities according to the needs of the field, usually about double the quantity of timothy seed being used to either of the other grasses. It will be understood that the liming of the soil referred to does not in any sense take the place of the annual top dressing, with fertilizers that should be applied to all meadows, but is simply designed to sweeten acid soils.

Grain and Dairy Farming.

An important difference between dairy farming and grain farming is the amount of the farm that is sold with the product that is of the fertility of the farm. The man who sells a ton of wheat sells in it about \$7 worth of fertilizing elements, and if he does not buy something to replace them his farm is so much poorer. The dairyman who sells a ton of butter has sold but 50 cents' worth of fertilizing material, and if he is a good dairyman, he has probably added much more than that, or twenty times that to the value of the farm in the bran, oil meal, cotton seed, or other food that he purchased while feeding his cows for making that ton of butter. It is in this way that the dairyman's farm is continuously growing more productive, and if he does not make much from his dairy, he should from the crops that he can grow on his much enriched soil.—American Cultivator.

Bloating Cows.

There is always more or less complaint regarding the bloating of cows during the first weeks after they have been turned out to pasture. Doubtless a part of the trouble is due to the animal, long deprived of green food, overloading her stomach and at the same time drinking copiously of water.

Oftentimes, however, the trouble is either due to improper feeding or else the animal has an attack of indigestion. In either case the remedy is in an entire change of diet, avoiding any food that is not of the best quality and confining the grain ration to such as are of easy digestion.

The quality of the water drunk by the animal should be looked into carefully and particularly if the water is from a stream in the pasture. If there is the slightest doubt about the quality of the water, the source of supply should be changed.

Value of Buckwheat.

Do not overlook buckwheat, especially where bees are kept. It will grow on poor land, and if not desired for its grain makes an excellent crop for plowing under. It provides forage for bees at a time when many other plants are not in flower.

Dairy Notes.